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# THE DUTY OF LOYAL MEN.

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## S P E E C H

OF

# DANIEL S. DICKINSON,

AT THE

UNION MEETING IN NEW YORK, WED., OCT. 9, 1862.

## SEYMOUR DEMOCRACY DISSECTED.

Mr. Dickinson said :

We have been called together, my friends, to ratify or disaffirm the nominations made by the recent Union Convention at Syracuse, and to discuss the fitness of the candidates for the stations for which they have been proposed, and the principles upon which they stand before the people, positively, and in contrast with the opposing forces. It is no time for circumlocution, and the more directly the subject is approached the better the issues will be understood.

When the most atrocious conspiracy which ever desecrated earth found development in an assault upon our National flag at Fort Sumter, and in efforts to massacre a half starved garrison, placed there in a time of profound peace, according to uniform usage, for no other offense than asserting the supremacy of their country's Constitution, and giving to the breeze as emblematical thereof, the glorious Stars and Stripes of their fathers—when the brave volunteers who were hurrying to the defense of our nation's capital, to save it from mob rule, and rebellion, and conflagration, were bleeding by traitorous hands—when strong men trembled, when women wept, and children instinctively clung closer to the maternal bosom—when all communication between the loyal states and the capital was cut off by rebellious forces—when the President

elect of the United States had then recently reached the seat of government, where duty called him, by a circuitous and an unusual route, and in disguise, to escape the dagger of the assassin, and when our land was filled with excitement, and consternation and alarm—when “shrieked the timid and stood still the brave,” and the confiding masses looked about to see who were the men for the crisis, among the citizens of the Empire State, who had borne a part in public affairs, and were naturally looked up to as exemplars in such a crisis, there were two whom subsequent events have made conspicuous in domestic history. They did not, like the two characterized by the prophet Nathan, live in one city [laughter] ; nor was the one rich and the other poor ; but neither was far from the central regions of this great state. Both were in the full maturity of natural life ; both had been honored by marks of popular confidence ; both had been educated by that care known only to a father's solicitude and a father's hope ; both were blessed with ample wealth—the fruits of industrious and enterprising progenitors, and both were qualified by circumstances and fortune to exercise an important influence upon public affairs in moments of peril. In this, their country's evil day, both left the state of their birth and residence,



and their homes of comfort and plenty, about the same time, and went abroad. One bid adieu to his wife and children, turned his back upon his broad and fertile acres, and his extensive business pursuits, and with his sons and assistants repaired to the theater of strife and danger [cheers], while yet the arm of government was paralyzed by treachery, and desolation reigned in the camp, and ordered forward cargoes of subsistence for famishing soldiers, and with his own hands, and by the aid of his sons, apportioned them among the needy upon the rebellious border. He gave, too, three sons to the cause of the Constitution; he volunteered his own services to the government for the field, in any capacity where he could be most serviceable in crushing the rebellion [applause]; was (entirely unsolicited by him) appointed a brigadier-general of volunteers, accepted a commission, and has since devoted his time and energies and ample means to his country's cause, and is at this hour doing service. This man's name is JAMES S. WADSWORTH. [Tremendous applause]

About the same time the other individual designated, left his family and residence of repose, but not for the seat of war. [Laughter.] He hied himself away upon the double quick in the opposite direction [laughter], and for nearly half a year hid himself among the lakes and rivers and romantic woodlands and inland towns of Wisconsin, and his tongue was as silent on the subject of denouncing the rebellion as those of the murdered volunteers, whose "ghosts walked unrevengeed among us." [Sensation.] There we may suppose he basked and balanced, and watched and waited, and turned and twisted [laughter], until Autumn, when a small knot of defunct, defeated, desperate, and despicable politicians, who had for years, hung upon the subsistence department of the Democratic party, in this state, came to his relief, by entering the field. [Laughter.] They borrowed without leave, the honored name of Democracy, under which to perpetrate their covert treason, as the hypocrite

"Stole the livery of the court of heaven  
To serve the devil in."

Their disgraceful and disloyal record stands out as the doings of men too stolid in political depravity to be gifted with ordinary instincts, and too regardless of the popular will to be mindful of shame; and the defeat they experi-

enced at the hands of the people, should serve as a warning to trimmers and traitors and paricides and ingrates through all future time.

This movement drew the secluded one from his hiding place, and he came forth, with all the courage of him, who in a conflict with his wife, being driven under the bed, while remaining thus ensconced declared, that whether she consented or not, he would look out through a knot hole in the clapboards, *so long as he had the spirit of a man!* [Great and repeated laughter and applause.] He entered the political canvass, and on the 28th October, 1861, a few days before the election, made a speech, the burden of which was an apology for the rebellion, and a condemnation of the Administration for having meted out the rigor of martial law to those in arms against the Government. Though abounding with flimsy disguises and sophistical generalities, it contained one point worthy of not only notice, but of the severest reprehension, and here it is:

"If it is true that Slavery must be abolished to save this Union, THEN THE PEOPLE OF THE SOUTH SHOULD BE ALLOWED TO WITHDRAW THEMSELVES FROM THAT GOVERNMENT which cannot give them the protection guaranteed by its terms."

What! Place this glorious Union—this heritage of human hope—this asylum for the world's weary pilgrim—this refuge for the oppressed of earth, in the scale of being beneath the black and bloated and bloody—the corrupt and corrupting—the stultified and stultifying institution of slavery! No! Sooner than see this Union severed, let not only the institution perish whenever and wherever it can be found, but let the habitations that have known it perish with it, and be known no more forever. [Tremendous and long-continued applause. "That's so." "That's the talk." Three cheers.] And yet this returning fugitive from patriotism proclaims as his creed, in effect if not in terms, that if either Slavery or the Union must be destroyed, it should be the Union! And the name of this man is HORATIO SEYMOUR.

These two men have been placed in nomination by opposing organizations for the office of Governor of this State—the one by the loyal masses, acting as a Union organization, regardless and independent of former political opinion—pledged to the support of the Administration in all just efforts to restore law and order—pledged to every purpose looking to the sure and



speedy and unconditional reduction of the Rebellion, and to any and every measure calculated to secure that result, at the earliest moment—the destruction of Slavery, if necessary, included; the other brought forward by political guerrillas, who have crawled from beneath the popular avalanche of last year, to repeat their efforts at imposition, under new and improved disguises—the Peace-party patriots, the ninth-resolution mongers of 1861, the apologists of rebellion, and the vilifiers of the Administration, because it had met treason with its half a million of armed men in the revolting States, and its spies, and pimps, and creeping miscreants in the loyal States (who deserved the jail and the gibbet), with the plenary power of martial law, instead of propositions of peace!

On the occasion of his recent nomination by the Albany Convention, of which he was a member, he was most cruelly taken by surprise; he did not expect his name would be before the Convention—a surprise equal to that of those upon whom a surprise party calls when they find a table already spread for their entertainment! [Laughter.] Since he is a candidate for a high office, his relations to public questions are proper subjects of examination. Since the speech he made under these embarrassing circumstances has been made the platform of the organization which supports him, it is entitled to a passing notice and review. From the careful collection of extracts from newspapers, &c., with which it abounds, if he had not declared he had been taken entirely by surprise, one would have supposed he had made elaborate preparation. [Laughter.] But there are other cases equally remarkable. A newly elected Speaker of a Western Legislature, though declaring he was taken by surprise, and unexpectedly called upon, forthwith drew from his pocket and read an elaborate manuscript, returning his thanks for the honor conferred, and apologizing for the imperfections of the address, because he was unaccustomed to extemporaneous speaking. [Great laughter]

This speech, but for its having been made by Mr. Seymour, in a convention purified and chastened and hallowed by the mellow influences of the Ninth-Resolution patriots of last year, might have been taken for a spurious epitome of the works of Oily Gammon. It commences with the declaration that he had uniformly expressed his

unwillingness to be a candidate, but, yielding to precedent, while

“Whispering, ‘I will ne’er consent’—consented;” not merely in regard to partial friends, but more, because he is impelled to suffer moral martyrdom for the country’s good! There has not been before such a forcing process since the rape of the Sabine and the sacking of Ismal. [Great laughter.] It is true that Mr. Seymour began to decline early, and I mentioned the circumstance to friends six months since, as conclusive evidence that he expected to be a candidate. [Laughter.] I learned years ago that when he began to decline openly, he was on the scent of a nomination. [Laughter.] I cannot of course be expected to speak of the inconsolable grief the partial friends would have experienced if he had persistently and perseveringly declined, but so far as the country is concerned, as Mr. Weller, senior, would have said, I think it would have “managed to survive,” if he had not been forced to an acceptance.

It is not probable, however, that the self-sacrifice will be serious, or that the nomination will occasion him any permanent inconvenience beyond the casualties of the race, for the popular mind will do much in his case to relieve uncertainties, to diminish friction, and thereby save the necessity of extensive repairs. It is by no means unlikely that the loyal masses desire him to *run*; but they doubtless would prefer that he should again enter the track to which he is accustomed, on the Wisconsin course, where he could do little harm, instead of running for the executive chair of the Empire State, as the representative of questionable patriotism. [Laughter.]

He eulogizes the convocation of political schemers of which he was one, and bemoans that compromises were not seasonably offered the South, when all know, and none better than he, that such compromises were offered and urged, and were defeated only because a portion of Southern members engaged in the treasonable conspiracy of disunion, but without courage to vote against them, withdrew, to avoid a vote upon them, and others, by preconcerted arrangement, remained and voted against them, with those known to be opposed to all compromise, and thus secured their defeat.

He shows us that he has been an experienced traveler, scarcely less than the renowned Mungo Park. Though it seems not to have occurred to



him, in the hurry of his address, to give us the result of his wanderings and researches, it is notorious that while he may not have found the source of the Nile or the mouth of the Niger in the East, he knows all the crooks and turns in the Fox river, in Wisconsin—a name not unsuited to the occasion of his visit to the West. [Loud laughter.] He permits us to know that he visited Washington, doubtless after his long run in the West, and that he went to the camp of the soldiers, who must have been gratified at his safe return, especially the Wisconsin volunteers, who could inquire for their friends; that there he, naturally enough, found sick and bleeding and languishing men, but I venture he found no runaways, no political schemers or balance-masters—no apologists for the Rebellion of the whole or the half-blood, and none who spend their time in denouncing the Government for prosecuting what is termed an unconstitutional war against conspiracy, treason, rebellion, robbery, piracy and murder. From thence he was pleased to visit the Capitol, and in language rivaling the hifalutins of the Milford Bard at Balbec and Palmyra, he describes that he traversed the mosaic pavements and gazed upon the ceilings (which no sensible man can look at without condemning the execrable taste of the architect), and was impressed with the strange contrast between its elaborate finish (of Italian gingerbread) and the rude structure of the camp; and being sentimentally inclined, it is not unlikely, in comparing it with the broad prairies of the West, which he had so recently seen, he involuntarily exclaimed with Byron:

“God made the country and man made the town.”

But his perseverance did not terminate here. He visited the Congressional Halls, where it is evident he did not aspire to a seat, or he would long before this have declined it. He listened to the stirring debates, the strife and conflicts of which contrasted so strangely with the quiet of the “woods and wilds” to which he had become accustomed, that he was filled with apprehensi and alarm, and he prescribes remedies. The whole burden of his speech is to that end and to prove the justice and necessity of party organization. He condemns the party action of the Republicans and then proposes to cure the action of one party by the action of another, upon the true homeopathic principle—*similia similibus curanter*. He serves up to the

public a rehash of newspaper criticisms upon the conduct of the war, with their exposures of disgraceful speculation, as though these arguments proved the propriety of substituting politics for patriotism—the separate action of a party for the united action of the whole—a party for the people. He rattles the dry bones of taxation to frighten the masses from their purpose, and faintly whispers repudiation to alarm the public creditor. [Continued laughter.]

Mistakes, errors, blunders and miscalculations are in a greater or less degree inseparable from the conducting of an extensive military campaign, and plunderers are as sure accompaniments of war as vultures are of the battle-field. Would to God we had only those who plundered our material elements and not those too who betray us to death and crucifixion with a kiss. But the remedy consists in increased and not in diminished patriotism—in drawing the honest masses together in a more perfect Union, regardless of political distinctions, and not by dividing them into sections and parties, under the lead of political lazzaroni, and attempting to revive decaying organizations with all the bigoted prejudices and hereditary hates, serving to build up corrupt cliques and reward rotten leaders. If incompetency and inefficiency can be corrected, it can be done more effectually by the *whole* than by a *part*. All loyal men are alike interested in putting down rebellion, or in employing the best agencies for that purpose, and why should they not act together? All loyal organizations are or should be alike engaged in vindicating the Constitution, and in crushing revolt; and why should they not lay aside for this awful crisis their internal strifes and struggles, and act in one grand and common concert, until the great citadel which protects and shelters all is secured from destruction! No party as such is adequate to a work of such magnitude, nor should any one attempt it. The Republican party, for which I claim no right to speak, which is not responsible for me, nor I for it, so far as I understand its position, does not profess to act against the Rebellion as a party, but in theory and in practice, lays aside for the occasion, as it did last year, its distinctive action as a party, and its members unite in common with all loyal Democrats and others who are so disposed, upon a platform inculcating no party ends, but pledges its votaries to the vigilant and thorough prose-



education of the war, until Rebellion shall be conquered, and the Constitution acknowledged, without reservation or condition, leaving to every one his full, perfect and independent political opinions, unaffected or untouched by his associations. To this platform I entirely agree. I despise mere names at any time, and especially at such a time as this. I defy and scorn all ringing of party gongs to gather the hungry and alarm the timid. I act and propose to act entirely independent of party. I desire to put down the Rebellion by force of arms; and until that is done shall act with those who wish to attain that end by the most direct means.

This Union movement is popular and not partisan. It commends itself to every loyal citizen, and not to a part, and all loyal men should enter into it heart and soul. It has not in all respects been conducted as I think it should have been at all times, but is nevertheless preferable to party action. Nor is there any party in the field pretending to act as such, except the ravelings and selvedge of all former parties who have taken the honored Democratic name, and under leaders cheating by false pretenses, acting from a prejudice too strong for their discernment or moral sentiments, from a party attachment which clings to names and traditions above principles or things, a mistaken comprehension of the questions at issue, or last, though not least, a disloyal heart, and thus enter the field and create division, and aid and encourage Rebellion. This combination seems determined to run its worn-out and creaking machinery amid the blood and carnage, and death-groans of this terrible war, as the last and worst of the Cæsars fiddled while Rome was encircled in flames.

The Democratic party forsooth! A knot of men with some stray accidental honest elements; with here and there an honest Democrat who supposes this is a war with Abolition maniacs; with leaders composed of Freesoilers and Abolitionists of 1848; chronic fossilized Whigs of 1844 looking for a recharter of a United States Bank; crippled Democrats who have been carried for life in the ambulances of the party; straggling Know-Nothings not inaptly named; Hards, so hard that they cracked in seasoning; Softs and shysters of all shades and periods, and the Ninth-Resolution men of 1861, who proposed to poultice the Rebellion to death by propositions of

peace, are now the Democratic party which is to save the country! "What can you expect of a people," said a philosopher, "when a monkey is their God!" Shade of Jefferson, where hast thou flown! Spirit of Jackson! I almost hear you exclaim "by the Eternal!" Mr. Seymour, speaking apparently *ex cathedra*, informs the people what this faction, the self-styled Democratic party, proposes to do. The burden of the song is, that they propose to restore the Constitution and obey all Constitutional authority and defend the liberty of speech, and he launches into a homily about observances of law, and invokes the names of early and eminent jurists, as though it had some possible relation to the question, when it has no more application than the farewell address of John Rogers to his children. [Laughter.] This Rebellion can not well be sued by summons and complaint, nor brought to trial before a justice of the peace or referees under the code, nor silenced by a grand jury, nor be conquered at the County Court, nor held to bail by a judge, nor tried at the circuit, nor have an effectual sentence or judgment affirmed by the Supreme Court, or Court of Appeals. No one should fail to sympathize with a candidate, unexpectedly aspiring to gubernatorial honors, whose condition is so necessitous that he cites the words of Lord Mansfield on the occasion of the Gordon or "no Popery" riots nearly a century since, to prove that a Government, assailed by conspiracy and armed Rebellion, has no remedy but what is specified in the Constitution; written in statutes or prescribed by the slow and ineffectual process of the common law, or if it has, should not employ it, for it means that or it has no meaning. Here it is:

"When England was agitated by the throes of violence; when the person of the king was insulted; when parliament was besieged by mobs maddened by bigotry; when the life of Lord Mansfield was sought by infuriated fanatics, and his house burned by incendiary fires, then he uttered those words which checked at once unlawful power and lawless violence. He declared that every citizen was entitled to his rights according to the known procedures of the land. He showed to the world the calm and awful majesty of the law, unshaken amid convulsions. Self-reliant in its strength and purity, it was driven to no acts which destroy the spirit of law. Violence was rebuked, the heart of the nation was reassured, a sense of security grew up, and the storm was stilled. Listen to his words:

"Miserable is the condition of individuals, dangerous is the condition of the State, where there is no certain law, or, what is the same thing, no certain administration of law, by which individuals may be protected and the State made secure."

It is easy to indulge in rhapsodies over or to sentimentalize on the beauties of the common law, and such efforts appear well enough in



juvenile law schools, or with beginners at the bar; but when invoked as a means of conquering such a rebellion, they are as ridiculous as would be a homily on moonshine to arrest an earthquake [laughter], an apostrophe to the dews of evening amidst a hurricane [continued laughter], or a prescription of Mrs. Winslow's soothing sirup for the Asiatic cholera. [Great laughter.] If Mr. Seymour himself had read, or had permitted his hearers to have read from his erudite production, a little deeper into this scrap of history, it would have appeared that it was a mere riot or mob, over the repeal of the penal laws against Catholics—a question concerning a particular measure under the Government—and had no relation whatever to the question of the British Government or its integrity, or its fundamental laws; that Lord Mansfield was one of the victims of violence, and uttered what was excellent sense for the occasion, but which, if it had been proposed as an antidote for a rebellion with half a million of men in arms against the Government, with the avowed intention of subverting it, would have appeared as cheap, and puerile, and shallow, and pedantic then, as its suggestion for the same purpose does now. Our Constitution and written laws are the emanations of Government, prescribing rules and regulations for its ordinary administration and guidance, and defining and limiting its powers for the protection of its citizens. But Governments make Constitutions and laws—Constitutions and laws do not make Governments. [Cheers.] Constitutions and laws are to be observed in all its civil policy, and ordinary exigencies even in war; but among the first rights and privileges and highest and holiest duties and obligations of Government is the preservation of its own existence. Constitution, law, freedom of speech, liberty of the press—usurpation, tyranny, &c., are words easily prated, and even parrots can be taught them. But men should know that the instincts of a Government, as of an individual, when assaulted, are self-defense. The father and protector of a dependent family who should fail to employ all his energies when assailed by a murderer or bandit, and instead thereof proceed to recite from a law book, would, if slain, rank with suicides in the sight of God and man; and a Chief Magistrate who should fail to protect his government against

foreign or domestic foes, armed or unarmed—whether avowed or silent—whether wielding openly the instruments of death, or insidiously acting as the advocate and apologist of rebellion—would himself be guilty of treason, and would deserve impeachment, conviction and execution. [Great applause.] Those who volunteer as exponents or oracles of constitutions and laws should at least understand the subject they are discussing—should know that in times of peril to the nation martial law inheres in the very essence and existence of every Government as a great necessity, and may be and should be asserted when requisite for the preservation of its life and being. A war of rebellion is a fearful and alarming reality, and is neither to be run away from nor quieted by reciting boarding school homilies. It demands and should receive every element of power which slumbers in the bosom of the nation. When Lord Wellington upon an exigency proclaimed martial law, on being asked what it was, replied that it was the *discretion of the Commanding General*. [Cheers.] Military law is the law for the government of the military forces of a nation. Martial law is more rigorous still, wider in its application, and is defined by Smith, an early and eminent writer, in his "English Republic," and by others who have compiled its best definitions, as follows:

"Martial law is the law of war, that depends on the just but arbitrary power of the King. For though he doth not make any laws but by common consent in Parliament, yet, in time of war, by reason of the necessity of it, to guard against dangers that often arise, he useth absolute power, so that his word is law. When, in time of extreme peril to the State, either from *without*, or *within* the general safety cannot be trusted to the ordinary administration, or the public welfare demands the adoption or execution of extraordinary measures, it may become necessary to declare the existence of martial law."

The President has no such power as a civil magistrate in the ordinary administration of the Government, but, in a time of conspiracy, rebellion, and war, as Commander-in-Chief, when in his judgment the public safety demands it, he possesses, and may and should exert if necessary, as much power as the autocrat of all the Russias, for the purpose of preserving from destruction the Government confided to him. [Great cheering.] It is a power dangerous and liable to abuse—should always be exercised with caution, and only in times of danger; but in such a period it is the Government's salvation and rock of defense. [Cheers.]



The course of the President in arresting spies and the apologists of rebellion—in suppressing treasonable presses—in suspending the habeas corpus, and in laying his hands upon the aiders and comforters and abettors of treason and conspiracy, entitles him to the admiration and thanks of every good citizen. Let assassins whet their knives—let spies and traitors and pimps and informers scowl and gibber and whisper discontent because the “freedom of speech” is abridged—let conspiracy and treason plot at their infernal conferences—let politicians scheme and elongate and contract their gum-elastic platforms to suit emergencies—let trimming, balancing Joseph-Surface candidates indulge in ground and lofty tumbling to divert popular attention from the true issue—let pestilential newspapers, engaged in stimulating rebellion and sowing broadcast seeds of disunion and revolt among the people in the name of the “liberty of the press,” spread abroad their ill-concealed hatred of the Government of their fathers, because it fails to minister to their depraved wishes; and when all this has been done, the action of the President in these measures, though probably not free from mistakes and errors, will be approved by honest men in the sight of Heaven, and will, when rebellion shall only be remembered for the blood it has shed, and the wrongs it has perpetrated, “stand the test of talents and of time.” Loyal men find the rule no inconvenience. That the disloyal should condemn it, and hate it as they fear it, is natural; for

“No rogue e’er felt the halter draw,  
With good opinion of the law.”

[Loud Laughter.]

Mr. Seymour’s claim to speak for the Democratic party is both spurious and impudent. [Laughter.] He no more represents its men or its masses or its principles, in his present course, than Jo. Smith represented the Christian Church. [Roars of laughter.] The old Jacksonian Democracy, when organized upon its true faith, holds, and always has held, the State of New York by a large majority. [Cheers.] The scheming faction of which Mr. Seymour is the nominee and representative, years since debauched, broke up and destroyed the Democratic party by contact with it. Last year it changed its platform four times to get it into good cheating shape [loud laughter], and was then beaten by more

than a hundred thousand votes. [Cheers.] This year it hopes to gain strength in the city. Trade is reviving, and Tammany and Mozart, upon those elevated notions of Democratic principles which have long distinguished them, are endeavoring to drive a bargain to divide the offices. It is a proud exhibition before this country and the world just now, and will be successful if it can be determined which should take the *odd trick*. [Laughter.]

The masses of the Democratic party are not now politically organized, but its members are always loyal, and when organized, the party is as true as was its great leader, Jackson. Its members swell the ranks of our brave armies in guarding the National Capital, in protecting that dear symbol of liberty and hope, the Stars and Stripes, from desecration, and in defending the Constitution and the Union. [Cheers.] They are acting with the Union organization at home, and are endeavoring to exhibit to rebellion and to the world, the sublime moral spectacle of a whole people, laying aside political partisan opinions and discussions, and acting together to preserve their revolutionary inheritance from destruction. The members of the narrow, trading, tricky faction, who now strut—the self-constituted heroes of the Democratic party, a name they have learned to mouth better than they have to practice its principles—were nine out of ten against it in the days of its organized action, or if with it, were its medics, office-seekers and camp-followers. The true Democrat has no fear that he shall be forever lost, if he acts in common with political opponents in subduing rebellion. He believes he can find himself when the war is over. The spurious one, naturally enough, is fearful if he once gets mingled with Republicans, he will never know himself again, and hence his necessity for keeping up party organization. But even bastard Democrats can be preserved from final loss with a little care. Let them be chalked as farmers chalk sheep when they put lo’s together which they may wish to separate again, marking the black with white chalk and the white with red. Or write on them as the Dutchman did on his picture of a bear, when he feared the outline of Bruin might not be recognized, “*Dish ish von bear*.”

I will not presume to say what the true Democratic party will do when peace is restored and



it is re-organized; but I am at least an older soldier in its ranks than Mr. Seymour ["That's so"—cheers], have longer adhered to its principles and usages, and have as good right to speak for it as he has; and I may perhaps with propriety, predict what it will not do. That it will not attempt to conquer a nefarious Rebellion in arms by propositions of peace; that it will not by every indirect means of assault upon the Government and apology for Rebellion, afford aid and comfort and encouragement to an armed enemy, tugging at the very heart-strings of the Republic; that it will not organize a factious political party of grinding, growling grumblers to war upon the Government, to embarrass its efforts, to predict its failure, and to exhibit to the enemy a people divided at home, and exhausting themselves in domestic strife; that it will not proclaim Slavery paramount to the Union of our fathers, and declare that if one must go down it should be the Union and not Slavery; that it will exhibit no limping, hesitating, half-and-half fidelity to the Government; no fifth rib loyalty, inquiring for the health, with a dagger under its garment. [Great cheering.] But, when it acts, its whole course will be direct, sincere and honorable, upward and onward, and all its energies and efforts will be directed and devoted to the preservation of the land our fathers loved, swearing upon their country's altar, "By the Eternal, this Union must and shall be preserved." [Applause.] A life-long Democrat, I do not hesitate to declare that the organized action of this knot of politicians as a spurious Democratic party in this State, has done and is now doing more to encourage the endurance and perseverance of this rebellion than all the sympathies of France and England combined, and that such is the public judgment—more than all the vessels which have run the blockade together. [Cheers.] The South know the old Democratic party of this State as a party of power and influence. They hope and believe this faction is its successor, and possesses some of its elements and influences, and await its triumphs. Could the murderous tatterdemalions of rebellion, who are described as reeking with a rank compound of villainous smells, shaggy with shreds of what was clothing, and creeping with vermin, attend our polls, they would give this ticket a unanimous vote. [Great laughter.] Could it

succeed, Jefferson Davis would proclaim another day of thanksgiving, though it might have to be kept in fasting [laughter and applause]; and illuminate Richmond; and well he might, for its success would be more hurtful to the cause of the Union than the loss of the Army of the Potomac, and the capture and sacking of Washington. [Cheers.] It is a ticket upon which all the opponents of the war will combine, at home and abroad, and to which they look for relief from their position. Could that illustrious, historic patriot of a neighboring state, who recently started upon the Wisconsin route to *shift* himself into Canada in woman's clothes, to avoid a draft, be permitted, as he should be, to stump New York for this ticket, he would doubtless raise a *hoop* that would silence the most distinguished brave ever produced by Tammany. [Great laughter.]

I have no new light upon the subject of this Rebellion, or the manner in which it should be treated. I stand, to-day, where I stood when Sumter fell [cheers], determined to see my Country's Flag vindicated; to see the supremacy of the Constitution established and upheld; to see sovereign law acknowledged; to see Rebellion crushed; to act with those and those only, who would go all lengths to break it down; to act against all who would be its defenders or apologists; to act with those who, in pursuing Rebellion, would stop only at the outposts of civilization and Christianity in efforts to destroy it [applause]; to employ every means, moral and material, known to man, to cut it up and to cut it down the most effectually, and at the earliest moment. [Great cheering.] I devoted seven of the best years of my life in efforts for the settlement of this accursed question peaceably—that it might be taken out of the political field North and South, and be let alone to work out its own peculiar problem under the mysterious dispensation of a guiding and beneficent Providence. Now that it is unnecessarily made the pretext for a wicked and causeless rebellion by the Southern people, I care not how soon I see its end. [Great cheering and waving of handkerchiefs. "Them's my sentiments."] With no Abolition proclivities, in a political sense, but the reverse, I would not have gone out of my way to look up Slavery in this conflict, or to avoid Slavery, but would have treated it like any other ele-



ment, taking it when it would give us strength or weaken them, and employed it accordingly. I have never seen a moment since the outbreak when I would have touched the Institution for itself alone, nor when I would not have cut it from its moorings in one hour, if it would have aided in disposing of the rebellion, and I would do the same now. [Applause.] I hold the war power broad enough to cover the whole question, and I confess, in a time when our Government is trembling in the balance before the world, I like to see it exercised when it is well, and boldly, and thoroughly done.

Let those who take the sword perish with the sword, is my doctrine, and let those who raise a rebellious army against the Constitution, take just such aid and comfort as martial law and the war power in their utmost rigor mete out to them, whether it be hemp, or steel, or lead, or a confiscation of property. If slaves are property, they are subject to the same rules as other property, and should be treated accordingly. There is no charm upon the subject, and should be no mystification over it. I early saw that rebellion, if long continued, would end in emancipation—that from a necessity emancipation was to enter into the question, for as the rebellion progressed and declined, and was on his last legs, it would at the last moment liberate the slaves in its desperation, if events had not sooner practically done so, or emancipation had not then been proclaimed by the Federal Government. I would have preferred practical and real acts in the premises as occasions demanded, under martial law as such, to theories or paper proclamations, for I hold the war power abundant and legislation unnecessary; but, the President having determined upon a Proclamation, I would have preferred to see how it would work in the last few months of the old year, to the first day of the new. [Great applause.] But if the Proclamation weakens rebellion and strengthens Government—as I hope and believe it will—I am for it and all its consequences, and any and every other measure which will conduce to that end. The institution has been overworked, and can no longer form political capital on either side, of which politicians of both shades will please take notice. It is to pass away during the present struggle, especially if long continued, and as an element of mischief and dis-

turbance, and as a just retribution to those who have taken up arms against the Government in its name for vile political ends, it has my permission to start at the earliest moment possible and to make the exodus a complete one. One such Government is worth all the Slavery that has existed since Joseph was sold into Egypt. [Cheers.] If Rebellion wishes to avoid these results, and to invoke the Constitution, let it acknowledge its supremacy, embrace the olive branch extended by the President, and lay down its arms and close its work of treason and murder. The cry that released contrabands are coming North is for political effect, and to secure votes from alarmed laborers. When Slavery is no longer recognized in the Southern States, the colored race will not struggle for the cold North to compete with our laborers, but those now with us will seek a more congenial clime in the sunny South, where the climate is more agreeable and the labor and productions better suited to their wants and tastes, and habits.

The question of candidates, so far as it concerns men merely, is comparatively of little consequence. The principles they represent are now of the highest possible moment. The Union candidate for Governor, Gen. Wadsworth, I have known for many years. I know him as a gentleman of high social position, of sterling integrity, of manly and honorable bearing, of unpretending habits and simple tastes—a dispenser of bounteous charities to the poor, who has a heart for suffering man, wherever his lot may be cast; who, when Ireland was perishing with famine, sent a cargo of provisions to the relief of her starving children; who discharges all his relations with fidelity. I do not know whether I agree with him in all political opinions or not, and do not care. I agree with him in the great practical idea of putting down this infernal Rebellion at all hazards, at any cost; and this is the only matter directly under consideration. And I agree with him substantially in his excellent and manly and sensible letter by which he declares his acceptance of the nomination. I believe his election at this time as Chief Magistrate of this great State essential to that end; that his defeat would be disastrous; and shall support him accordingly, as every truly loyal man of every party should do. Let every honest elector, independent of all party names



which are now used only for cheats for the people,—and we may pass upon the conduct of these two candidates since the commencement of the rebellion—let them read the noble, outspoken letter of one, and the cautious, backing and filling speech of the other, and then see who is worthy of support.

The intrepid Tremain has already spoken for himself, and will speak again. [Loud applause.] He is a Union Democrat and a representative of the Union sentiment. He may laugh at the assaults and detractions of those who seek to build up a selfish, rotten organization in the name of Democracy, as a capital for spoils and political stock jobbers. They envy his position and fear him and hate him, for he early took off their shallow mask and impaled their leader. He has not yet dismissed them, but may be heard from hereafter by all interested, to their entire satisfaction. Mr. Jones, the candidate for Lieutenant-Governor on the bogus ticket, deserves better company and a better fate. If he had kept the one, he might have secured the other, and he probably regrets with me that he had not done so. He was put on the ticket by men who have already injured him by their associations past remedy, in the hope of cheating a few true Democrats into the support of the ticket. But this will all fail, and Mr. Jones, like Tray in the fable, will be punished for being in bad company. [Laughter.] The residue of the candidates upon the respective tickets may be said to fairly stand as the representatives of those who placed them in nomination, remembering that Ladue and Willmann and Hughes are true men.

The Liquor Dealers' Association, those who distill the very nectar of the gods, those also who can, like a magician, draw half a-dozen kinds of wine from the same cask, those whose whiskey will kill further and surer than a Rebel musket, patriotically met recently, and naturally and suitably nominated Mr. Seymour as their representative. [Laughter.] This was doubtless to compensate him for the mental agony and physical suffering he experienced, according to Mr. Delavan, when in labor with a veto against a prohibitory law a few years since, to which he was to set his name. This being done, as the papers inform us, the Dealers' Convention went into liquidation, adjourning in *good spirits*. [Great Laughter.] These two last facts are inter-

esting and important. The public will be glad to learn of the adjournment, and their customers that their spirits were good. [Laughter.]

Must not every candid man admit that the whole course of Mr. Seymour, from the breaking out of the Rebellion to the present moment, has been destitute of patriotism, or good or generous impulses or emotions? Must not every honest elector admit that he has exhibited only the characteristics of the mere politician, and of a cold, calculating, and trimming one at that?

Must not every honest man declare that the speech platform upon which he professes to stand is deceitful in its conception and spirit, lacking frankness, manhood, and out-spoken fairness and honesty, but contaminated by an all-over of slipperiness and design—intended to strike a blow at our Government and conceal the hand.

It is idle, my friends, to prosecute this war against rebellion by halves. It is worse than idle to send our sons to the field of blood and leave politicians at home who are denouncing Government, apologizing for rebellion, and are inculcating, no matter how stealthily or covertly, cowardly and fatal propositions of peace. Rebellion knows, from spies and sympathizers quite too near us, what is going on in our midst as well as we do. It is struggling on in the hope that this peace party may gain the ascendancy, when it expects to be forgiven for its treason, have murder washed from its bloody hands, and be rewarded for its villany by liberal propositions. This party with its propositions of peace having been exposed, abashed and ingloriously overthrown last year, has covered its framework this with a veneering of a different shade, but quite too flimsy to deceive a discerning and loyal people. Like the cat in the fable, it has whitewashed its coat, but the teeth and claws are plainly discernible. [Laughter.] Call back your sons, I repeat, or crush this insidious monster at home, and the rebellion abroad, together. Rebellion has lost faith in expected foreign recognition. Its miserable sympathizers in England lack courage to come to time. Even D'Israeli, who O'Connell said was a regular lineal descendant of the hardened thief, fails to meet the occasion as expected. [Laughter.] Its hope now rests in the aid and sympathy it can command in the loyal States, to save it from the condign punishment and



ignoble end which awaits it, and looks more to the success of this ticket to-day than to the exploits of Stonewall Jackson. Call back your sons, I say again, or crush this political hope of Rebellion at home. When this hideous monster sees us united as one man, in one common purpose to crush it, it will yield; but until then it will struggle on, like the writhings of a venomous serpent, till exterminated. It would long since have yielded, but for the hope of propositions of peace from political quarters, and terms of accommodation; and but for seeing the Executive denounced for unconstitutional acts, and a party rising up opposing the war in effect if not in name—for Rebel leaders understand the matter in all its bearings.

Alas! how many brave spirits have been quenched forever because of this shameful, sinful division—by reason of this miserable political ambition to raise up a successful party at home to gain office and spoils. But God will bring its actors to judgment. Every household has been bereaved.

There is no flock, however watched or tended,  
But one dead lamb is there,  
There is no fireside, howsoever defended,  
But has one vacant chair.

The air is full of farewells to the dying,  
And mournings for the dead;  
The heart of Rachel for her children crying,  
Will not be comforted.

Our fair-haired boys periled their lives in endeavoring to crush a Rebellion, which gains hope, and tenacity, and endurance, and perseverance, in its work of conspiracy and treason and murder, and holds on because it sees a peace-war party rising up stealthily and in disguise among us at home. Their bones are bleaching on every battle-field in the Rebel States. Those who loved them ask you where they are! You cannot raise the dead, but, in the name of Heaven, call back the living that are yet spared to us, or destroy, at one blow, one of the chief hopes of Rebellion at home, a political organization, to which Rebellion instinctively turns for relief. But yesterday a proud boy in the heyday of life and hope fell. He was the only son of his mother, and she was a widow; he fell by the hand of a Rebel murderer, nerved on by the hope that political divisions in the loyal States would give Rebellion aid and comfort, and propositions of peace. She asks you with trembling lip and tearful eye for the idol of her heart, her hope and joy.

May He who tempers the winds to the shorn lamb protect *her*! You cannot restore her child, but you can destroy one of the accursed causes which protract this bloody and terrible war, the politicians' hope. The storms of Autumn beat upon the log cabin standing by the little brook beyond the hills. The winds moan, and the leaves rustle, and night is gathering. A woman weeps over a hearth cold and cheerless and desolate. A group of little children, with curious, anxious faces, hang upon her knee, wondering why she weeps, and asking for their father.

"Alas!  
Nor wife nor children, no more shall he behold;  
Nor friends nor sacred home!"

He fills an unknown bloody grave in the land of rebellion, where he marched to aid in preserving the inheritance of his Revolutionary sire. But he was murdered in expectation of propositions of peace from politicians, who fear rebellion will not be constitutionally treated, or in the hope of some new reading of the Constitution which would exempt rebellion from censure and punishment. [Sensation.] That bereaved widow in her destitution looks to you. Those children "demand their sire with tears of artless innocence." You cannot restore him. God alone can comfort the widow and the fatherless. But you can remove one of the chief causes which serves to protract this hellish malignity and mischief at the ballot box. [Great applause.] You can cancel the demands of hungry politicians. A settler in the far West, upon the Indian border, has volunteered to defend his country's flag. His wife and children are aroused from their slumbers at midnight by the yells of savage hellhounds, to perish by the tomahawk and scalping knife; the cabin is in flames, and the ferocious monsters, with hands dripping with the blood of innocence, bear away their trophies to exhibit for reward to more ferocious monsters still—savages professing Christianity—conspirators and rebels, who stimulate the red man to murder defenseless women and children that they may procure from political traders, at an early moment, liberal propositions of peace and compromise. That borderer will return to greet his loved ones, but they are not there. A heap of ashes is all that is left him; tears rolled copiously down his sunburnt visage, but, like the fallow-deer, he weeps



alone. You cannot bring back to his embrace the beloved object of his affection, but by precept and example you can aid in removing the detestable hope that a political party can succeed, in whole or in part, in sympathy with Rebellion. [Sensation.]

Let then, I say, the people of the loyal States be united. Let them act together as one man. Let no political organization, as such, be supported or encouraged or tolerated; but let all lovers of their country and its institutions meet for public action and effort in a common union. Let rebellion, in all its protean forms and all its elements, be crushed by every hand and cursed by every lip, in its moral or material forces, in the egg or in the serpent, open or disguised, in its full strength or diluted, in the field or in the political canvass, in battles of blood or at the polls, at home or abroad. [Great applause.]

This is demanded in the name of Revolutionary memories; in the name of liberty and the rights of man; in the sacred name of humanity and religion; in the name of fathers whose sons have been slain, of widows whose husbands have been murdered, of mothers who have been bereaved of their children, of children who have been robbed of those to whom Providence taught them to look for protection, of society which mourns the destruction of its members, of the dead whose blood has been shed to preserve our Government from shame, our land from desecration, our homes from the torch; in the name of justice, truth, and peace, and of man's last best hope beneath the skies. Rebellion is doomed: its last hope is in political aid by home divisions. Destroy this hope, and our Government shall never die. [Immense cheering.]



## GEN. WADSWORTH'S LETTER OF ACCEPTANCE.

WASHINGTON, October 2, 1862.

*Hon. Henry J. Raymond, President, &c.*

DEAR SIR—I have the pleasure to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of September 29, informing me that the Convention held at Syracuse on the 24th of that month, composed of men resolved to maintain the integrity of the Union, irrespective of their previous party associations, had done me the honor of placing my name before the electors of the State of New York for the office of Governor.

I respectfully accept the nomination.

I cordially agree with the Convention in the sentiments expressed in their resolutions, and, if elected, I shall zealously labor to carry out their wishes as therein defined.

I might, perhaps, with propriety, stop here, but as the duties of my present position will not allow me to return to New York for some time, and possibly not until after the election has been held, I ask your indulgence while I express briefly my views as to the questions involved in the canvass.

I think I cannot be mistaken in assuming that the election will turn upon the necessity of sustaining our National Government in its efforts to uphold itself, and maintain its territorial integrity, and especially upon the proclamation of the President, issued to that end, and referred to in the fourth resolution of the Convention.

I entirely approve of the Proclamation, and commend it to the support of the electors of New York, for the following reasons:—

1. It is an effectual aid to the speedy and complete suppression of the rebellion.

Six or eight millions of whites, having had time to organize their government, and arm their troops, fed and supported by four millions of slaves, presents the most formidable rebellion recorded in history.

Strike from this rebellion the support which it derives from the unrequited toil of these slaves, and its foundation will be undermined.

2. It is the most humane method of putting down the rebellion, the history of which has clearly proved that the fears of slave insurrections and massacres are entirely unfounded. While the slaves earnestly desire freedom, they have shown no disposition to injure their masters. They will cease to work for them without wages, but they will form, throughout the Southern States, the most peaceful and docile peasantry on the face of the earth.

The Slave-owners once compelled to labor for their own support, the war must cease, and its appalling carnage come to an end.

3. The emancipation once effected, the Northern States would be forever relieved, as it is right that they should be, from the fears of a great influx of African laborers, disturbing the relations of those Northern industrial classes who have so freely given their lives to the support of the Government.

This done, and the whole African population will drift to the South, where it will find a congenial climate, and vast tracts of land never yet cultivated.

I forbear to enter into the discussion of the great increase of trade to the Northern States and the whole commercial world, which would result from the wants of four millions of free paid laborers, over the same number held as heretofore in Slavery.

I forbear also to enter into the question of the ultimate vast increase in the production of the great Southern staples. This is not a time to consider questions of profit. It will long be remembered, to the great honor of the merchants, bankers, and manufacturers of the North, that giving the lie to the calumnies of slave-breeding



aristocrats, who charge them with being degraded and controlled by the petty profits of traffic, that they have met the sacrifices of this great struggle with a cheerfulness and promptness of which history furnishes no parallel.

Nor is the question now before us, one of philanthropy alone, sacred as are the principles therein involved; nor is it a question of abstract ideas, involving an unprofitable discussion of the equality of races. It is simply a question of war, of National life or death, and of the mode in which we can most surely and effectually uphold our Government and maintain its unity and supremacy.

Our foreign enemies, for it is not to be disguised that we have such, reproach us with waging a territorial war. So we do, but that territory is *our country*. For maintaining its greatness and power among the nations of the earth, by holding it together, they hate us. We can bear that; but if we were to yield to their suggestions, and submit to its dismemberment, they would forever despise us.

This great domain, from the Lakes to the Gulf, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, one country; governed by one idea—freedom—is yet destined to dictate terms, if need be, to the world in arms, and I hold that man to be a traitor and a coward, who, under any defeats, any pressure of adversity however great, any calamities however dire, would give up one acre of it.

It is more than a year since I left our State. Great changes have taken place within that period. Costly victories and disastrous defeats have, in the vicissitudes of war, befallen our arms. Bereavements and destitution have overtaken families.

I can only judge of the spirit of my fellow-citizens of New York, by that of her gallant sons who have rushed to the field. These I have seen in great numbers, and particularly those who have been in the hospitals within my command.

Among these brave men, feeble and exhausted by disease, tortured and mutilated by cruel wounds, I have never yet heard the first word of despair, the first sigh of regret, that they had given health and life to their country.

If we may judge of the spirit of those they have left at home, and who may yet be called to the field, by the heroic temper of these men, we have nothing to fear as to the result.

In the solemn verdict of the ballot, and the deadly conflict of battle, this Government of the people will be sustained.

I beg that you will accept for yourself, and convey to the members of the Convention over which you presided, my sincere thanks for the great honor which they did me in placing my name before the electors of New York, for a position so responsible and distinguished as that of Governor of the State.

I am, Sir, with great respect, truly yours,  
JAMES S. WADSWORTH.

# RESOLUTIONS ADOPTED BY THE UNION CONVENTION,

## SEPTEMBER 24, 1862.

PARKE GODWIN, of Queens, reported the following platform :—

*Resolved*, In the midst of the gigantic and perilous civil war which the slaveholders of the South have forced upon the Nation, all minor party distinctions are to be forgotten—all minor political questions to be suspended—until the rebellion shall be utterly crushed.

*Resolved*, That we commend the candidates nominated by this Convention, to the cordial and undivided support of all friends of the Union, as men of incorruptible integrity, highest capacity, and a proved, devoted patriotism.

*Resolved*, That we urge upon the National Government the prosecution of the war with the utmost vigor and energy in the field, and with the utmost unity and decision in the Cabinet, and by all means that the God of battles has placed in its power, bearing ever in mind that revolt so wanton, so malignant, so pernicious, is only to be overcome by the strong arm of force.

*Resolved*, That we hail with the profoundest satisfaction the recent Proclamation of the President of the United States, enforcing the laws of the land against the property of traitors in arms, and declaring his intention to emancipate

the slaves of all Rebels who do not return to allegiance by the 1st of January, 1863.

*Resolved*, That our heartfelt thanks are due to the gallant officers and men of our loyal army, and the fleets, wherever they may be; that we tender to them our highest admiration for heroic courage, patient endurance, indomitable zeal, and we promise them our earnest encouraging efforts to relieve their distresses, strengthen their arms, fortify their hearts, and provide for the future well-being of their friends and their families.

*Resolved*, That the promptitude and enthusiasm with which the people of the States of Pennsylvania and Ohio sent 100 000 armed men each to repel the invaders from the soil of freedom, entitles them to the thanks of the loyal men of every State; while it shows the spirit in which loyal men of every State are prepared to meet the foe, come when he may.

*Resolved*, That measures should be taken immediately by the proper authorities of the State for enrolling, arming and disciplining its militia.

*Resolved*, That our young, noble, free Republic should be proud of the distinction that her only enemies are the Savages of the West, the Rebels of the South, their sympathizers and supporters at the North, and the despots of Europe.




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
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